

Hair

by astrathnine

Category: Halo

Genre: Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2005-12-05 06:55:36

Updated: 2005-12-05 06:55:36

Packaged: 2016-04-26 23:17:49

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,200

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Grif, Simmons, and Grif's hair. Romping! [RVB, slash]

Hair

Simmons doesn't know why he drools over Grif. He has no idea why he's so fascinating, scintillating, entrapping, his hair mussed and seeing the new Grif that's half of him, half of him that contributed to the beauty, two pale shades of skin melded together. He's gotten very sensitive over his hair lately, and it's a shocking white blond. It's eerie and it burns to stare at too long under the sun, since Grif keeps it shined, and Simmons doesn't know how but it's perfect flawless and unnatural.

>He'd never admit it, but Simmons know it, that he uses whatever he can find to get to style it.<p>

"It's like this naturally, assholes," he replies in a haughty and somewhat childish voice. "I have to have great SOMETHING, and it just so happens to be my hair!" That last part is true, his hair is remarkable, stunning, gorgeous, but no hair like that comes entirely from nature, it's physical impossible for hair to shine and gleam and flow that perfectly on its own.

He freaks out when anyone tries to touch it, because even the slightest touch messes it up â€“ no one can touch his hair unless one asks permission, and that's only to see if it's as soft and silky as it looks. And it is, of course, so it's silly to even ask in the first place, though Sarge doesn't give a shit and yanks on his hair when he isn't looking because he's, well, Sarge and since Grif doesn't like it that means he's got to do it.. And Donut is the only one who ever really asks, over and over again, akin to a puppy dog.

The only time Grif allows someone to really touch his hair is when Simmons has it snatched tightly in one fist, forcing his head back so his lips that were half human half robotic simulation could nip

and bite and suck at his pale neck that was half his own and half Simmons'. The only time Grif allows someone to really touch his hair is when Simmons' fingers are twined around strands of it while Grif's mouth is his around his cock, warm suction and a skilled tongue pushing him past the point of return so Simmons doesn't even realize where his hands are. But Grif doesn't stop it there, he doesn't seem to mind, even if Simmons has just came in form attempting to fix the warthog or performing tune-ups on himself, and he's covered in oil and sweat and dirt. Grif always lunges at him with a ferocity that's half hate and half undeniable passion, clutching at Simmons and his sandy hair that hangs down over his green eye and his red one, holding and tugging at it just as tight as his fingers slide over Simmons' chest that has a pec that's tight and toned and a silver one that's hard and cool just like the rest of him, mouths that crush against each other, kisses that are frantic and desperate and any other love and hate clichÃ© that exists but it's true, together alone they're hateful and desperate for touches and warmth and slick and now, ung- GOD! Simmons, I want you now you teasing bastard, whispers of passion and pleasure and rivalry, skin and sweat-slicked parts everywhere, anywhere, all the time and unrelenting, searching for more, more, MORE. Bodies that squirm and writhe and arch beneath clever hands that never stop moving and each boy is as desperate and frantic for feeling as the other â€" neither will admit to it, no one knows about them and just them under the sky at night the cool wind enhancing every touchâ€" that's what makes the time they spend hustling and rolling across the hills and deep rumbles of laughter deep in the night, because it only happens when they can just get away, their nights together are sparse and far, far apart and neither knows when they'll get their piece of heaven, of hell, just one more time ohpleasohplease-, this time when they stop fighting and start using their mouths for some better purpose and they can't even think, their thoughts mean nothing because nothing but the other exists right then, them and the grass and the sky and the lust, that's why Grif lets Simmons' hands smooth over his hair with a desperate cling, run his silver fingers through the strands, ruin it, muss it, why Grif lets Simmons do whatever the fuck he wants, whenever the fuck he wants it â€"

This is ALIVE, just this, and nothing else â€"

They do nothing but live for these times, when everything else is just to pass the time between them, bickering and fighting leaving undertones in a dance that's lasted forever â€"

Grif can feel Simmons' heart beating against his own chest, pounding almost as loud as his own, it scares him shitless but he just can't pinpoint why, and he wraps his hand around Simmons' dick, the familiar feel, every vein every ridge, gripping it just so and neither of them breathe just then and just there-

Grif's hands are all over him, invading any semblance of personal space, pressing up against his ass, squeezing at the same time Simmons' hand closes around him, the feel overwhelming him, Simmons' hand sliding up his duotone neck, a tongue and and scratching and delicious heat, moaning, breathing together â€"

Everything falls into nowhere, hands and bodies slide under the sky shivering and burning all at once-

Grif arches and comes and screams, Simmons' fingers tangled in the

strands of Grif's shocking blond hair and his mechanical and human lips closed against Grif's collarbone in a kiss too chaste- he shudders into him while Simmons' whispers, "Grif I need you, Grif I want you, Grif I own you, you'remine mine mine mine-"

Grif collapses against him and Simmons' mouth continues to slide over his skin, his jaw, his cheek, his forehead, and pulling him into a kiss so long-

Grif's hair is sweaty â€“ one side is almost plastered down, it doesn't fall the way it should against his face and mussed, it'll take hours to fix, but Grif can't care, won't care, won't ever care because when he's lying in Simmons' arms everything is gone for a moment, just for a while. Simmons' silver fingers play with his hair, toying and twirling it, and Grif doesn't care he just wants to lie and be and fight-

He likes the feel of them on his scalp, gentle, massaging, cold.

Grif won't less anyone else near and close and there because Simmons's is the only one who's ever known how to treat him, to let him live and snarl and scratch and feel out here on this dead world in this dead base this neverending cycle-

He just wants to get out and breathe for a while, and Simmons knows exactly how Grif feels.

End  
file.